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Intrigue IN INDO-CHINA



TAKE A ONE-EYED AMERICAN THIRSTING FOR REVENGE... PUT HIM AT THE HEAD OF A BAND OF FRENCH FOREIGN LEGIONNAIRES... SET THEM AGAINST THE FANATICAL COMMUNIST FORCES IN INDO-CHINA... AND YOU'VE GOT AS DEADLY A MIXTURE AS EVER EXPLODED INTO OPEN WAR!

IN THE ALLIED WAR CRIMES COMMISSION OFFICE IN WASHINGTON, D.C.---

THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF---AFTER SIX YEARS OF TRYING I'VE FINALLY LOCATED GEN. FRANZ VON UHLAND! THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION IN INDO-CHINA FORWARDED SOME REPORTS WHICH PROVE THAT HE'S THE BRAIN BEHIND THE COMMUNIST FORCES THERE! I WANT THE ASSIGNMENT OF GETTING THAT MURDEROUS FASCIST---AND YOU KNOW WHY!

OKAY, DON... YOU'VE GOT IT!



A WEEK LATER, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION AT HANOI, INDO-CHINA---

OUI, MONSIEUR BENNETT---THESE PAPERS AUTHORIZE ME TO GIVE YOU ALL POSSIBLE HELP IN CAPTURING VON UHLAND! BUT MON DIEU---WHY WOULD ANY MAN IN HIS RIGHT MIND COME FROM WASHINGTON TO FIGHT IN THESE DEVILISH JUNGLES---WHEN HE COULD STAY BEHIND?

PERHAPS I CAN TELL YOU WHY I WANT TO GET VON UHLAND---OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!





"I WAS A U.S. INTELLIGENCE AGENT BEHIND NAZI LINES DURING THE LAST WAR, COLONEL---AND I HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO BE CAPTURED BY VON UHLAND'S MEN! THE GENERAL IS A **SADIST**---A **TORTURER**---AND WHEN MY TURN CAME FOR INTERROGATION---

NO---WON'T TALK
---WON'T TALK---

BAH---I HAVE WASTED
ENOUGH TIME ON THIS
OX! CUT HIM DOWN---
I'LL TRY SOME-
THING **ELSE!**



WE'LL SEE HOW BRAVE
YOU ARE---AFTER MY
**SPECIAL
TREATMENT!**



THE "TREATMENT" COST ME AN EYE! BUT A FEW HOURS LATER THERE WAS A PARATROOP LANDING IN THE VICINITY, AND I WAS RESCUED---**BUT VON UHLAND ESCAPED!** SO YOU CAN SEE NOW THAT I HAVE A **PERSONAL** INTEREST IN THIS JOB--- BESIDES PATRIOTIC ONES!

OUI---GETTING RID OF THE MILITARY GENIUS BEHIND THE RED FORCES WILL BE A GREAT VICTORY FOR DEMOCRACY--- AND A CATASTROPHE FOR THEM! WHAT IS YOUR PLAN?



GIVE ME A PORTABLE RADIO TRANSMITTER---AND THE COMMAND OF A PATROL OF LEGIONNAIRES WHO'LL FOLLOW ME TO YENBAY, VON UHLAND'S HEADQUARTERS--- AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

VERY WELL--- I WILL ASSIGN YOU TO MY BEST MEN! BUT I **WARN** YOU---YOU WILL HAVE TO GAIN THEIR **RESPECT** BEFORE THEY WILL FOLLOW YOU SO FAR BEHIND ENEMY LINES!

A FEW DAYS LATER---

YOU SENEGALESE---CZECHS---POLES---FRENCH---YOU **ALL** SUFFERED UNDER THE NAZI WHIPLASH IN THE LAST WAR--- SO I'M SURE YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT WE'RE OUT TO GET **GEN. VON UHLAND!** WE'LL TRAVEL AT NIGHT, FOLLOWING THE ROUGE RIVER NORTHWEST TO YENBAY---

SACRE BLEU---THEES CAPITAINE WEEL HAVE TO SHOW HE IS A **MAN** BEFORE I FOLLOW HEEM TO YENBAY!

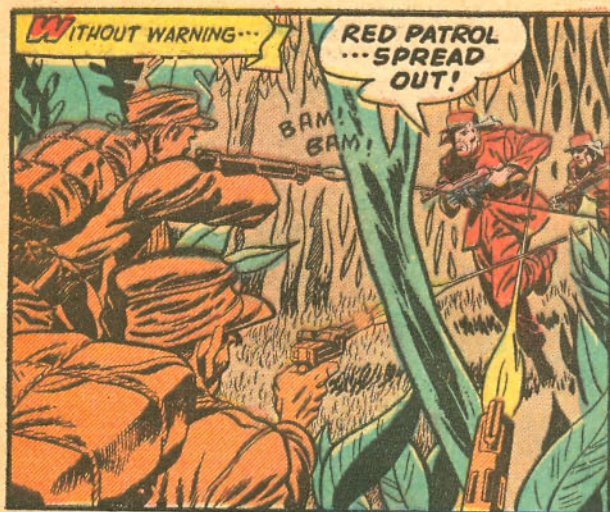


THUS BEGAN A PERILOUS MISSION BEHIND ENEMY LINES, THROUGH ENERGY SAPPING MUD AND MAN-KILLING HEAT ---ONWARD---EVER ONWARD---

THREE MEN HAVE ALREADY FALLEN---DOES THEES CAPITAINE WEESH TO KEEL US **ALL?**

THEY'RE GETTING REBELLIOUS ALREADY! THIS IS GOING TO BE ROUGHER THAN I **THOUGHT!**





WITHOUT WARNING...

RED PATROL
...SPREAD
OUT!

BAM!
BAM!



POUR IT ON, MEN... AND
CHARGE! DON'T LEAVE
A MAN ALIVE!

EES SUICIDE TO
CHARGE... BUT I,
ANDRE, SHOW I AM
AS BRAVE AS
CAPITAINE!

BRAKKK-KKK!

AS THE SKIRMISH CLOSES INTO
HAND TO HAND FIGHTING...



DIE,
FRENCH
PIG!

ANDRE...
LOOK OUT!



MON DIEU...
ZAT WAS
CLOSE!

BRAKKK!

WITH THE BRIEF BUT BLOODY
BATTLE OVER...



YOU SAVE ANDRE'S
LIFE, MON CAPITAINE
...NOW I FOLLOW
YOU TO ZE
DEATH!

THAT'S
JUST WHAT
IT MAY BE...
UNLESS WE
AVOID DISCOVERY
BETWEEN HERE
AND YENBAY! START
BURYING THESE
CORPSES, AND
LEAVE NO TELL-
TALE TRACES!
THEN, LET'S
GO!

TRAVELING BY NIGHT, HIDING WHENEVER A RED
PATROL PASSED NEARBY, THE LEGIONNAIRES
PUSHED ON...



FINALLY...

15
YENBAY!



GOOD! YOU KNOW THIS AREA WELL,
YANG... SCOUT AROUND DOWN THERE
TILL YOU FIND THE LOCATION OF THE
RED **AMMO DUMP!**

HOURS LATER---

ME FIND
AMMO DUMP
---BEEG
ONE!

OKAY, SOBIESKI---SET UP THE RADIO AND CONTACT HEAD-
QUARTERS AT HANOI! TELL 'EM TO HAVE PLANES OVER
YENBAY AT MIDNIGHT!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS,
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE
STRONGHOLD---

REMEMBER, ANDRE
---I WANT THOSE
RED SENTRIES
CAPTURED
ALIVE!

I NO
FORGET!

SACRE BLEU---ANDRE NO KNOW HEES OWN
STRENGTH! HEES
NECK EES
BROKE!

WELL, STRIP HIS
UNIFORM OFF---THEN
HELP ME GET THIS
RED BACK TO OUR
HIDEOUT IN THE
JUNGLE!

BLAM!

CRASH!

WHEN THE COMMUNIST PRISONER
RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS---

OKAY, YANG, TELL HIM THINGS
WON'T BE PLEASANT---
UNLESS HE REVEALS THE
LOCATION OF THE HIGH COM-
MAND'S BOMBPROOF AIR-

**RAID
SHELTER
IN YENBAY!**

AFTER AN EX-
CHANGE IN NATIVE
DIALECT---

HE TELL ALL---BUT IT
NO DO YOU GOOD! FRENCH
BOMBBIRDS NO COME
OVER IN DAY, BECAUSE
TOO MUCH RED ACK-
ACK-ACK---AND NO
COME OVER IN NIGHT,
BECAUSE BLACKOUT
NO LET THEM FIND
TARGET!

THERE'LL BE PLENTY
OF LIGHT IN YENBAY TO-
NIGHT! GET THE MEN
READY TO MOVE---WHILE
ANDRE AN I GET INTO
THOSE COMMUNIST
UNIFORMS!

OKAY, MEN---YOU'VE
GOT YOUR ORDERS---YOU'RE TO
BLOW UP THAT RED AMMO DUMP
AT ANY COST! MEANWHILE, ANDRE
AND I ARE GOING TO TRY TO CAPTURE
VON UHLAND **IN HIS LAIR!** GOOD
LUCK TO YOU ALL---NOW
GET GOING!

AS THE LEGIONNAIRES ATTACK THE AMMO DUMP, A WITHERING HAIL OF LEAD GREET'S THEM, MOWING THEM DOWN LIKE WHEAT UNDER A SCYTHE!



BUT SPURRED ON BY THEIR INDOMITABLE FIGHTING SPIRITS, AND DESPITE OVERWHELMING ODDS, A FEW OF THE FEARLESS LEGIONNAIRES GET THROUGH!

QUEECK, BROTHER
...THROW
GRENADE!

ME...THROW...



AS BLAST AFTER BLAST ROCKS THE WHOLE AREA...

BOOM! BLAM!

LET'S GO,
ANDRE...NO
ONE IN THIS
PANICKY TOWN
IS GOING TO
NOTICE US!



MINUTES LATER...

THIS IS THE HIGH COMMAND'S AIR-RAID SHELTER! PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE TOWN'S OUT AT THE AMMO DUMP, TRYING TO KEEP THE FIRES FROM SPREADING...SO LET'S DUCK IN HERE BEFORE WE'RE NOTICED!

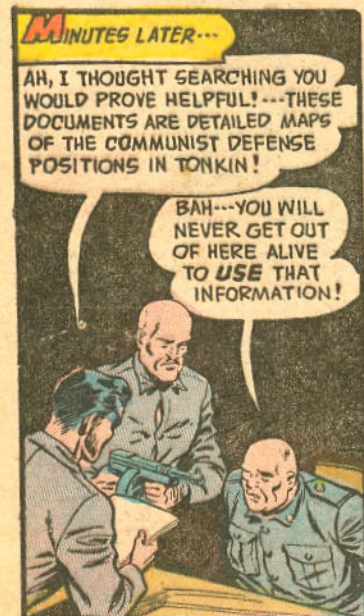
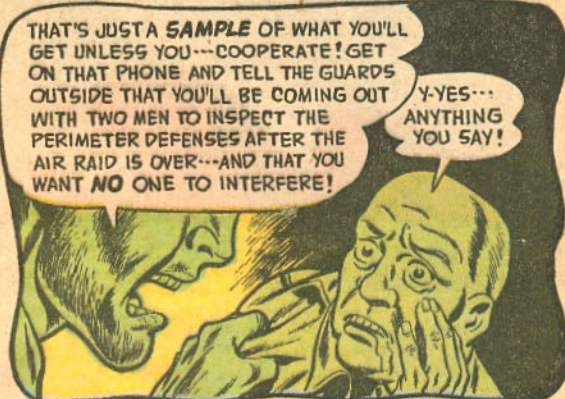
OUI...AND EET EES ALMOST MEEDNIGHT...WHEN ZE FRENCH PLANES COME OVER! SOON WE HAVE PLENTY COMPANY IN SHELTER, NO?



WHEN THE FRENCH BOMBERS APPEAR...

MON DIEU...A PERFECT TARGET!





AT THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLES---

THOSE ARE THE LEGIONNAIRES WHO DIED---ATTACKING YOUR MEN,RAT---WHICH MAKES ANOTHER SCORE WE HAVE TO SETTLE!



SUDDENLY---

SHOOT THEM DOWN, COMRADES ---THEY'RE ENEMIES!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, PIG --- AND HERE IT IS---



...FROM ME TO YOU!

YAAAGHH!



RUN, ANDRE! I'LL COVER YOU --- AND REJOIN YOU IN THE JUNGLE AS SOON AS I CAN! GET GOING---THAT'S AN ORDER!

OUI, MON CAPITAINE! YOU ARE THE BRAVEST MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN!



I'VE KNOCKED OUT THE RED MACHINEGUN, BUT HERE COME REINFORCEMENTS! I---I'VE GOT TO STICK IT OUT AS LONG AS I CAN --- BECAUSE ANDRE'S GOT THE RED DEFENSE PLANS AND I'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM TIME TO GET AWAY---NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME!



FINALLY, AFTER A MAGNIFICENTLY HEROIC STAND---



DAYS LATER, BACK IN HANOI---

SO THE AMERICAN NEVER REJOINED YOU, EH? MON DIEU, BUT HE WAS A BRAVE ONE! I PERSONALLY WILL SEE TO IT THAT HE IS AWARDED THE FRENCH MEDAL OF HONOR FOR HIS FEAT---AND WHEN WE FINALLY DEFEAT THE FORCES OF COMMUNISM, DON BENNETT'S NAME WILL STAND HIGH ON THE LIST OF THOSE WHO MADE THAT VICTORY POSSIBLE!



THE END!

a CELL in CHINGYING

HIS BRAIN NO longer functioned clearly, and he had no idea how many hours had passed. With great effort he lifted his pulpy face and saw that the sky was dark through the small window of his cell. Across the street there were still some lights burning in the Communist Headquarters of Chingying, a medium sized city in North Korea. "Let it come tonight," he prayed. "I can't stand much more."

The torture would be coming again soon, and no matter what they did to him, he knew he mustn't talk. He had suffered too much to break down now. They'd smashed his face beyond repair. Each of his fingers had been slowly broken. Flaming bamboo rods had been jabbed under his fingernails. He'd screamed like a maniac, but he hadn't talked.

The one thing that kept him going was the knowledge that so many other lives were at stake. For if he, Ted Chambers, the head of military espionage in Northeast Korea talked, then the entire American espionage system would be jeopardized.

He had been captured on Monday morning. He was positive that at least one day had passed, probably two, and possibly even three. The last piece of important information he had radioed back to the American monitors in Pusan had been the exact location of the secret supply depot on the outskirts of Chingying. What then was taking them so long to bomb it? Was it possible that his message had not gotten through? Ted felt a surge of hopelessness pass over him, for that attack was the only thing he had to look forward to. It was his only hope for deliverance from the unbearable torture which sooner or later would wear him down.

A violent shudder went through him as he heard heavy footsteps in the corridor outside. The door of his cell grated open and then banged shut violently. He didn't have the strength to lift his head, but he knew from the approaching boots who it was.

"Ready to talk yet, fool?" the Chinese major snapped.

Ted couldn't form his smashed lips into a reply. An instant later there was a sharp crash of brass knuckles against his already lacerated jaw, knocking him unconscious. When he came to his vision was like a blurred camera coming back into focus. The voices seemed very far away.

"We can keep this up longer than you can, Yankee! We'll beat it out of you sooner or later! You haven't even begun to feel pain! You'll talk if we have to strip the flesh off you inch by inch!"

He knew they weren't bluffing, and he wished they would get angrier. Angry enough to kill him in a fit of rage. That would solve everything, for he knew he'd never leave the cell alive anyway. All he hoped for now was the strength to keep his lips shut tight and for the suffering to be over with.

He blacked out more times than he could count. The Reds picked up the tempo of their "interrogation". Now his whole body was a mass of pain. The pounding in his head became unbearable and the very ground under his feet seemed to be shaking.

He didn't know when it was that he realized that the pounding in his head was real, and that the trembling of the ground was caused by bomb bursts nearby. With a last great effort he lifted his head and looked through the darkened window of the cell. Fiery bursts of ack-ack and the criss-crossing of spotlights filled the sky.

All at once the whole city seemed to be disintegrating as a direct hit was scored on the supply depot. Tons and tons of ammunition exploded in a series of cataclysmic blasts. Now the whole building over Ted's head quavered, and then the roof caved in.

A wan smile crossed his face...just before he blacked out for the last time...

PATROL PERILOUS



ONLY A VERY SMALL PART OF BATTLEFIELD INFORMATION IS COLLECTED BY HIGH-POWERED INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVES -- SKILLED IN THE MANY ARTS OF HEROIC DERRING-DO! FOR THE ARMY ITSELF, THROUGH THE ORDINARY GI, GATHERS ITS OWN INFORMATION! THE WORK IS TOUGH, AND OFTEN DEADLY -- BUT IT GOES ON DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, IN PATROL AFTER PERILOUS PATROL, CARRIED OUT BY THE UNSUNG AMERICANS WHOSE CONTRIBUTION TO VICTORY CAN NEVER BE REPAID!

YOUR SQUAD WILL GO ON PATROL TONIGHT, SERGEANT! YOUR MISSION IS TO LEARN THE LOCATION OF THE RED ROCKET LAUNCHERS THAT HAVE BEEN PULVERIZING OUR POSITIONS LATELY! ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THE ROCKETS ARE COMING FROM THE NORTH-WEST! SINCE WALKIE-TALKIES WILL BE USELESS AT SUCH LONG RANGE, YOU'D BETTER TAKE ALONG LINE-LAYING EQUIPMENT TO PHONE BACK WHATEVER INFORMATION YOU SECURE!

RIGHT, SIR!

DON'T SPARE THE GREASE, BOYS! THERE'S GONNA BE A **FULL MOON** OUT TONIGHT, SO ANY WHITE SKIN IS GONNA MAKE A BEAUTIFUL **TARGET!**

WE'RE GONNA MAKE BEAUTIFUL TARGETS NO MATTER **WHAT** WE DO! OH, BROTHER, IF WE'RE TAKIN' **LINE-LAYIN' EQUIPMENT** ALONG, IT MEANS THEY DON'T EXPECT US TO GET BACK TO REPORT **IN PERSON!**





SUICIDE
PATROL,
FELLAS--
GOT YOUR
LIFE IN-
SURANCE
PAID UP?

CARRY YOUR
DOG TAGS,
GANG!
Y' NEVER
CAN TELL--
THEY MAY
WANT TO
IDENTIFY
THE
BODIES!

OH-- I... I GOT
STOMACH CRAMPS
BAD, SARGE! I'D
BETTER GO ON
SICK CALL!

YOU'RE JUST **YELLOW**, CLAYTON! EVER SINCE
YOU SHOWED UP AS A REPLACEMENT TWO
WEEKS AGO, YOU'VE PLAYED SICK WHENEVER
THE GOING GOT **ROUGH**-- BUT **THIS** TIME
YOU'RE GONNA GO THROUGH WHAT **WE** GO
THROUGH! WHAT'LL IT BE--
THE PATROL, OR A
COURT MARTIAL?

I... I'LL GO ON
THE PATROL,
SARGE-- BUT
I **AM** SICK!



AS DARKNESS FALLS OVER
NO-MAN'S-LAND--

C'MON, SHAKE IT UP--THIS PROTECTIVE
SMOKE SCREEN OUR BOYS LAID DOWN
WON'T LAST FOREVER!

OKAY, WE'RE IN
COMMIE TERRITORY
NOW-- SO WE'VE
GOTTA MOVE **FAST**!
THE REDS WON'T
SPOT OUR PHONE
WIRES AT NIGHT--
BUT IF WE'RE NOT
BACK IN OUR LINES
AT DAYBREAK,
THEY'LL PICK 'EM
UP SURE AN' TRACE
'EM STRAIGHT
TO US!

HOLD IT,
SARGE
--RED
SENTRIES
AHEAD!

CLAYTON-- NO,
PARKER AND
JANSSEN--
SNEAK UP AND
KNOCK 'EM OUT!
AND DON'T LET
'EM MAKE A
SOUND!



THE SARGE DIDN'T TRUST **ME** TO DO
THAT JOB-- HE STILL THINKS I'M
YELLOW! BUT I'M **NOT**! I... I'LL **PROVE** IT
TO HIM-- AND TO **MYSELF**-- IF IT'S THE
LAST THING I DO!

OKAY, WE'LL DASH ACROSS
THAT OPEN ROAD ONE BY ONE!
BE SURE TO AVOID THOSE
PATCHES OF MOONLIGHT!
WIRE-LAYERS GO FIRST--
AND, CLAYTON-- I GUESS
YOU'LL WANNA
GO LAST!



MOMENTS
LATER--

KLANK!
KLUNK!

HURRY, CLAYTON
-- I HEAR A
RED TANK
COMIN' DOWN
THE ROAD!



OH!!!

HOLY SMOKE --
HE TRIPPED
ON THE PHONE
WIRE!



OWW--MY... MY ANKLE! I...
I'VE GOTTA CRAWL
ACROSS THE ROAD
BEFORE-- HOLY SMOKE--
IT'S **TOO LATE!**
THERE'S THE RED
TANK!



THOSE RED
TANKERS
HAVEN'T
SPOTTED
ME-- YET!
BUT IF I
MOVE,
THEY'RE
SURE TO!
YE GODS--
WHAT'LL
I DO?

IT... IT'S **HOPELESS!** NO MATTER
WHAT I DO -- I... I'LL GET IT! BUT
I'VE GOTTA TRY TO PREVENT THE
REDS FROM LEARNING ABOUT
THE OTHERS! NO MATTER WHAT
-- I MUSTN'T YELL -- I... I
MUSTN'T GIVE THE OTHERS AWAY!
OH, PLEASE, GIVE ME STRENGTH,
COURAGE---



AS THE RED TANK RUMBLES AWAY--

HE... HE DID IT FOR US! YE GODS-- WHAT A WAY TO DIE, AND NOT A PEEP OUT OF HIM!

AND I... I CALLED HIM **YELLOW!** THEY DON'T **COME** ANY BRAVER!

C'MON-- ON YOUR FEET! LET'S GET GOIN'-- AN' LET'S MAKE SURE WE DON'T LET CLAYTON DOWN!

AN HOUR LATER--

OKAY, WE'RE OVER THE HUMP OF THE MOUNTAIN! FROM NOW ON--

BANG!

OHMM!



A RED PATROL-- LET 'EM HAVE IT!



THAT'S IT, MEN-- **POUR IT ON!** THIS PINEAPPLE-- OUGHTA **FINISH** THE JOB!



WE MUST BE CLOSE TO THE RED ROCKET-LAUNCHIN' SITE, IF THE REDS HAVE SECURITY PATROLS PROWLIN' AROUND BEHIND THEIR OWN LINES! OKAY SO FAR! NOW WE'D BETTER HIDE THE PHONE EQUIPMENT IN THE BUSHES AND THEN SPREAD OUT! OUR NEXT JOB'S TO **LOCATE** THOSE ROCKET-LAUNCHERS!

BUT ON AN INTELLIGENCE MISSION BEHIND ENEMY LINES, SUDDEN DEATH CAN STRIKE AT ANY MOMENT-- AND OFTEN **DOES!** THE UNLUCKY DIE--



BUT THE SURVIVORS CARRY ON-- TO COMPLETE THE MISSION!

ROCKET FLASHES! THAT MUST BE THE LAUNCHING SITE!



I **FOUND** IT, SARGE-- I KNOW JUST WHERE THE LAUNCHERS ARE LOCATED!

GOOD-- GIVE ME THE DOPE, AND I'LL PHONE IT RIGHT BACK TO HQ!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A HALF MILE BEHIND--

美國行略



合爾行



CRIPES-- THE WIRES WERE JUST **CUT!** THE REDS MUST'VE STUMBLED ON OUR LINES-- AND THEY'LL BE ABLE TO TRACE IT RIGHT BACK HERE IN NO TIME!

OH-OH-- THAT MEANS WE CAN'T REPORT THE INFORMATION-- UNLESS **WE** GET BACK **ALIVE--** AND FROM WHERE I STAND, THAT SURE DON'T SEEM **LIKELY!**

I'LL FIRE THIS SIGNAL FLARE PRONTO! THE MEN KNOW IT'S THE SIGNAL TO ABANDON PATROL AND HEAD BACK TO OUR LINES AS BEST THEY CAN! IT'LL BE EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF FROM HERE ON, BECAUSE THERE'S NO TIME TO ASSEMBLE!

LET'S VAMOOSE, WALKER -- **FAST!**

pop!

JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE TO **BOOBY-TRAP** THIS CLEARING! I WANT THE REDS TO HAVE A **HOT WELCOME** WHEN THEY BUST IN HERE!



SOON AFTERWARDS--

哈本日



BOOM!

YAAAAGHH!



WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THE LOCATION OF THE LAUNCHIN' SITE -- SO WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK!

JUST LEAD THE WAY, SARGE!



THE WILL TO SURVIVE IS **SUPREME** IN MAN-- IT CAN MAKE HIM BATTLE THE MOST **FEARSOME** ODDS, BRAVE THE MOST **PERILOUS** DANGERS--

AND WHEN THE SARGE WAS BAYONETTED--

WALKER WAS THERE WITH A FAST, SAVING SHOT--



AND WALKER WAS THERE UNTIL --



--THE END OF THE MISSION! YES, THE WILL TO SURVIVE-- AND THE UNQUENCHABLE LOVE OF **FREEDOM**-- WILL ALWAYS ENABLE MEN TO COME THROUGH WHERE ALL SAID THEY HADN'T THE GHOST OF A CHANCE!

QUICK-- GET A MEDIC! THE SARGE IS BADLY HURT!

NO-- GET ME A PHONE! GOTTA REPORT... REPORT...



AND WHEN THE U.N. ARTILLERY DROPPED SCREAMING LOADS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON THE RED ROCKET-LAUNCHING SITE, THE PATROL HAD COME TO A SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION-- THANKS TO THE UNSUNG, UNKNOWN G.I.'S, BOTH DEAD AND ALIVE, WITHOUT WHOM **VICTORY** WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE!



The End

TWENTY AGAINST TERROR

YEAH, BOY-- I'M ON TOP OF THE WORLD!
THE FANCIEST GAMBLING JOINT IN
MACAO... EVERYTHING FROM
ROULETTE TO FAN-TAN... AND A
BEAUTIFUL DISH LIKE WILLOW TO
HELP ME COUNT THE DOUGH
THAT'S ROLLING IN!



It's a ten-to-one bet -- as
Frank Wiley would say-- that
you've never even heard of
MACAO! It's a Portuguese-
controlled city on the south
China coast -- a wide-open
headquarters for smugglers
and gunmen... and **COMMU-
NIST SPIES!** Frank Wiley ran
a gambling house in Macao...
and he never gave a sucker
a break... until he played
his last long shot to save
TWENTY AGAINST TERROR!

YES, THE DOUGH KEPT ROLLING IN-- BUT SOME-
TIMES THE LOSERS DIDN'T LIKE IT!

MR. WILEY, PLEASE-- GIVE
ME BACK \$400 I JUST
LOST! THE CHINESE
COMMUNISTS ARE
AFTER ME-- I
NEED THE MONEY
TO GET TO
HONG KONG!

YEAH, I GET DOZENS
OF GUYS LIKE YOU
EVERY WEEK-- THROW-
ING AWAY THE MONEY
YOU SAVED TO ESCAPE
FROM THE REDS! BUT I
NEVER GIVE A SUCKER
A BREAK, BUD -- IT'D
BE BAD FOR
BUSINESS!

WILEY--
I WANT
MY
MONEY!

FRANK
--LOOK
OUT!





PULL A GUN ON ME...
I'LL FRACTURE YOU--
YOU WHINING PUNK!

POW!



FRANK--
THAT'S
ENOUGH!
DO YOU
WANT TO
KILL
HIM?

NOPE-- JUST
MAKING SURE
HE KEEPS HIS
UGLY PUSS OUT
OF HERE FROM
NOW ON!

WILEY

SOK!

SOMETIMES I WONDER HOW
I CAN LOVE A BRUTE LIKE
YOU! IT CAN'T LAST, FRANK!
SOONER OR LATER, SOME-
ONE'S GOING TO PUMP A
BULLET
INTO
YOU!

NOT A CHANCE,
BABY! IF YOU'RE EVER
TO GET RID OF ME
-- YOU'LL HAVE TO
PLUG ME
YOURSELF!



A HARD MAN, THIS
FRANK WILEY! ALMOST
AS RUTHLESS... AS
THE COMMUNISTS
THEMSELVES!

WILEY TAKES NO
INTEREST IN
COMMUNISTS!
THAT IS WHY SOME
DAY HE MAY LEARN
ABOUT THEM--
THE HARD WAY!

A WEEK PASSED...AND AS OFTEN HAPPENS--
THE REDS LEARNED ABOUT FRANK WILEY FIRST!

THERE ARE AT LEAST TWENTY ANTI-COMMU-
NISTS STRANDED IN MACAO-- AFTER LOSING
MOST OF THEIR MONEY TO FRANK WILEY!
THEY HOPE TO REACH HONG KONG-- BUT WE
WANT THEM IN SHANGHAI-- FOR EXECUTION!
IT WOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO LURE ALL OF
THEM ABOARD A BOAT-- IF THEY'RE LED TO
BELIEVE THAT FRANK WILEY HAS RELENDED...
AND THAT HE'S OFFERING THEM
FREE TRANSPORTATION TO HONG KONG!



SUCH A PLAN WOULD BE
A DEATH WARRANT TO
THESE ENEMIES OF RED
CHINA-- BUT FRANK
WILEY IS AN AMERICAN
-- WILL HE
COOPERATE?

FRANK WILEY
WILL COOPERATE
WITH ANYONE--
FOR A
PRICE!

LATER, IN FRANK WILEY'S OFFICE--

THAT'S
FIVE
HUNDRED
BUCKS A HEAD!
LIVES COME
PRETTY CHEAP
TO YOU REDS,
DON'T THEY? BUT
WHAT THE HECK--
THOSE CRUMBS
ARE BROKE ANY-
WAY, SO I WON'T
BE LOSING ANY
TRADE... I'LL
DO IT!

QUITE SO... YOU WISH TO KNOW
WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU! ONCE
THE 20 MEN ARE ABOARD
THE COASTAL STEAMER
POYANG -- WE WILL
PAY YOU \$10,000
FOR YOUR
ASSISTANCE!



WILLOW WAITED UNTIL THE COMMUNIST AGENTS LEFT-- AND THEN--

I NEVER RATED YOUR CHARACTER VERY HIGH, FRANK-- BUT THIS'LL BE THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE DONE ANYTHING **CROOKED--** AND TO HELP THOSE ROTTEN COMMUNISTS!

COME ON, WILLOW, DON'T HAND ME THAT GUFF! I DON'T PICK AND CHOOSE BETWEEN COMMUNIST DOUGH AND ANTI-COMMUNIST DOUGH-- **AS LONG AS I GET IT!**



NEXT DAY--

QUIT THANKING ME, WONG... I MANAGED TO CHARTER THE SHIP CHEAP-- SO I FIGURED WHY NOT HELP YOU GUYS GET TO HONG KONG? YEAH, YEAH-- I KNOW HOW MUCH IT'LL MEAN TO YOUR FAMILY! OKAY, THE **POYANG** SAILS AT NINE O'CLOCK TONIGHT -- **HAVE A NICE TRIP, WONG!**



WELL, BABY, THAT WINDS UP THE LIST! TWENTY SUCKERS WHO DIDN'T KNOW ENOUGH TO HANG ON TO THEIR DOUGH-- AND, BABY, THEY'RE **STILL** SUCKERS! ALL OF THEM ON THE COMMUNIST BLACKLIST-- AND THEY'RE TOO DUMB TO SEE ANYTHING PHONY ABOUT A FREE BOAT RIDE TO HONG KONG!

FRANK... THIS CABLE JUST CAME! YOU'D BETTER-- READ IT!



TRANS-PACIFIC CABLE
THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE REGRETS TO INFORM YOU, AS NEAREST OF KIN, THAT CPL. ROBERT WILEY WAS KILLED IN ACTION IN KOREA LAST WEEK.

I'M SORRY, FRANK! I NEVER KNEW YOU **HAD** A BROTHER-- LET ALONE ONE WHO WAS FIGHTING IN KOREA!

BOB WAS NEARLY TEN YEARS YOUNGER THAN ME-- SO WE WEREN'T VERY CLOSE! BUT THERE'S A KID WHO HAD THE MAKINGS OF A TERRIFIC POKER-PLAYER-- **AND HE HAD TO BE JERK ENOUGH TO ENLIST!**



TEN YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOU-- THAT WOULD MAKE HIM ABOUT **NINETEEN!** HE HAD HIS LIFE **AHEAD** OF HIM... UNTIL HE GOT A FREE BOAT RIDE-- **TO KOREA!** WONDER IF HE KNEW WHICH SIDE **YOU'RE** ON, FRANK?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I TOLD YOU ONCE BEFORE I DON'T **TAKE** SIDES-- I'VE GOT TOO MUCH ON THE BALL TO WORRY ABOUT **COMMUNISM!**



SURE, THE GREAT FRANK WILEY HAS EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING BUT **GUTS!**

TAKE IT EASY, WILLOW!



I MUST SAY **YOU'RE** TAKING IT EASY -- AFTER LEARNING YOUR BROTHER'S BEEN KILLED BY THE REDS WHO ARE PAYING YOU \$10,000 FOR A DOUBLE-CROSS! **TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS...** LIVES COME PRETTY CHEAP TO SOME **AMERICANS**, DON'T THEY?

NINETEEN YEARS OLD... YES, HE **MIGHT** HAVE BEEN A POKER-PLAYER--OR A LAWYER--OR EVEN A WORTHLESS BRUTE THAT SOME WOMAN COULDN'T HELP LOVING! I'LL BET HE **DID** HAVE A GIRL FRIEND, FRANK-- BACK IN THE STATES!

BUT FRANK WILEY COULDN'T SKIP IT! EVEN A POKER PLAYER CAN'T BLUFF **HIMSELF**-- ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE **THIS!**

MAYBE SHE'S **RIGHT**..

MAYBE IT'S BEEN A QUESTION OF **GUTS!** A CROOKED DEAL, SHE CALLED IT, BUT **THAT** WAS LETTING ME OFF EASY! IT'S TEN THOUSAND BUCKS IN **BLOOD** MONEY-- AND IT'S MY BROTHER'S BLOOD! I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!

KNOCK IT OFF, SWEETHEART-- **SKIP IT!**



FRANK, IT'S SUICIDE TO **TELL** THE REDS YOU'RE BACK-ING OUT! JUST **WARN** THOSE TWENTY ANTI-COMMUNISTS TO **STAY AWAY** FROM THE **POYANG!**

WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR-- A WELSHER? ANY TIME FRANK WILEY DOESN'T FOLLOW THROUGH WITH A DEAL-- THE OTHER GUYS ARE GOING TO KNOW **WHY!** SURE, I'LL WARN THOSE SUCKERS-- BUT IT'LL BE DONE OPENLY-- **WITH MY CARDS ON THE TABLE!**

DON'T DO IT FRANK-- THEY'LL KILL YOU!

MAYBE! I HEAR IT'S HAPPENING EVERY DAY-- IN PLACES LIKE **KOREA!**



YEAH-- THAT'S WHAT I SAID! **I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!** KEEP YOUR TEN GRAND-- BECAUSE I WANT TO SEE THOSE TWENTY GUYS **REACH** HONG KONG!



IN OTHER WORDS-- YOU'RE SYMPATHIZING WITH THE ENEMIES OF RED CHINA! YOU'VE PUT YOURSELF IN A DANGEROUS POSITION, WILEY-- **AND YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET IT!**



MACAO'S GOING TO BE TOO CHANCY FROM NOW ON, BABY-- **WE'D** BETTER DO A FADE TO HONG KONG OURSELVES! CLEAN OUT THE SAFE AND CLOSE MY BANK ACCOUNT-- AND MEET ME WITH THE DOUGH IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR ... **IN THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE ON CHENYU ROAD!**

BUT, FRANK-- WHERE ARE **YOU** GOING?



WONG IS THE BIG WHEEL OF THE ANTI-COMMUNIST REFUGEES-- BUT **PHONING** HIM WOULDN'T SOUND CONVINCING! I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM **PERSONALLY**-- AND **MAKE SURE THAT HE TIPS OFF THE OTHERS!**

FRANK... DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE FOR A GIRL TO BE **PROUD** OF A WORTHLESS BRUTE?

DARLING-- BE CAREFUL!

SURE, BABY! CHENYU ROAD -- IN ONE HOUR!

FRANK WILEY HAD SPENT 4 YEARS IN MACAO-- 4 YEARS OF PLEASANT LIVING AND EASY FRIENDSHIPS! BUT NOW, ANY STRANGER-- ANY SHADOWED DOORWAY-- MIGHT HOLD THE MENACE OF DEATH!

I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT BOB WENT THROUGH IN KOREA-- **WONDERING EVERY SECOND WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!**

MINUTES LATER, AS FRANK TURNS A CORNER NEAR THE WATERFRONT--

WONG! HOLD IT, BOY-- I WAS JUST COMING TO SEE YOU!

NO-- NOT HERE! I SAW THREE MEN KEEPING A CLOSE WATCH ON MY PLACE-- SO I SLIPPED OUT THE BACK DOOR! THEY'RE AFTER ME, WILEY -- I'VE GOT TO BOARD THE **POYANG NOW!**

LOOK, WONG-- THAT **POYANG** ANGLE WAS A PHONY STEER-- A **COMMUNIST TRAP!** YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE OTHERS -- TELL 'EM TO STAY OFF THAT SHIP-- **UNLESS THEY WANT A ONE WAY RIDE TO A SHANGHAI FIRING SQUAD!**

WATCH OUT!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT, FRANK WILEY SAW WONG DART TO SAFETY-- FELT HIS HAND GROPE FOR THE GUN INSIDE HIS COAT-- AND THE JARRING THUD OF A BULLET!

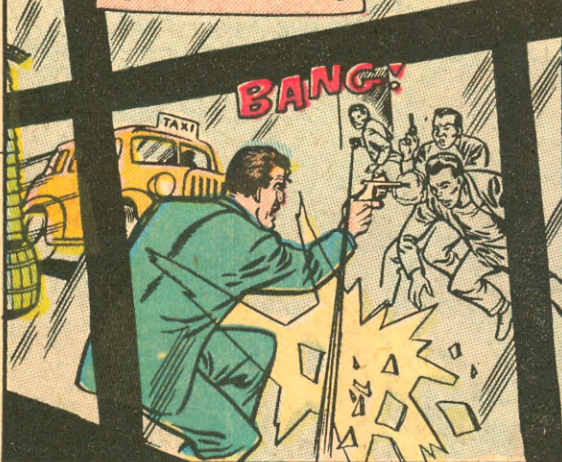
HE SAW THEM COMING, LIKE JACKALS CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL-- AND HIS ONE THOUGHT WAS TO **LIVE**-- LONG ENOUGH TO SETTLE HIS ACCOUNTS!

CHENYU ROAD... I'VE GOTTA GET THERE... GOTTA MEET WILLOW!

CAREFUL -- THE DOG IS ARMED!

BANG!

SUDDENLY, FRANK WILEY'S MIND CLEARED, AND HE SAW HIMSELF FOR WHAT HE WAS... AN AMERICAN... A FIGHTER... FACED BY THE ENEMY!



CONFUSED BY THE CRASHING GUNFIRE, A PASSING TAXI DRIVER SLOWED DOWN-- JUST LONG ENOUGH!



THE CAR DOOR YANKED OPEN-- AND IN MID-LEAP-- FRANK WILEY CAUGHT A SLUG IN THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH!



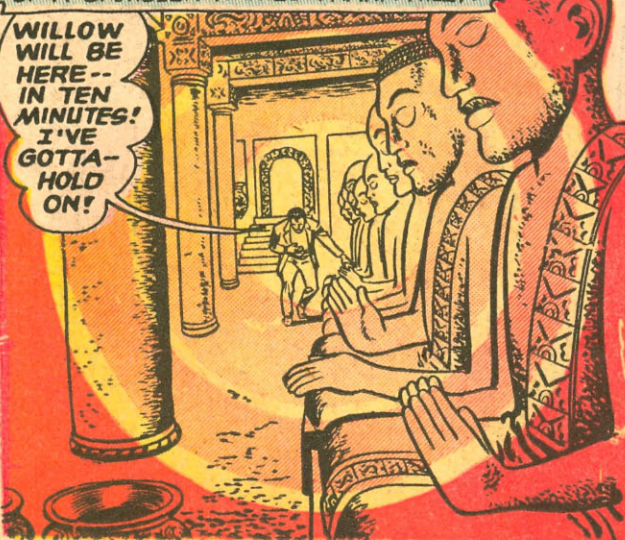
FOR A SECOND, HE TASTED ONLY PAIN AND BITTER DEFEAT... HE HEARD THE THUMP OF RUNNING FEET, AND WITH A LAST DIZZY EFFORT HE CLAWED HIS WAY IN-- AND SHOUTED TO THE PANICKY DRIVER--



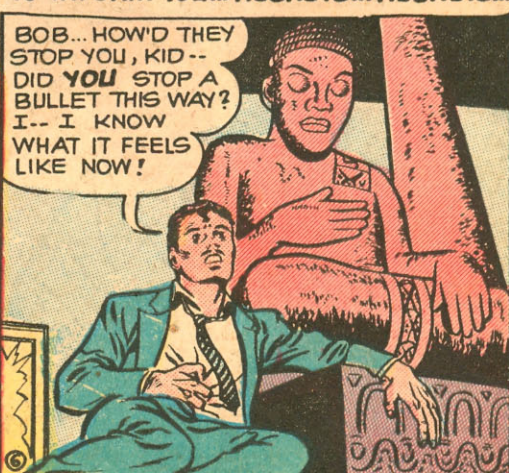
BUDDHIST TEMPLE-- CHENYU ROAD!



IT WAS QUIET IN THE TEMPLE! THE ANCIENT GODS SAT IN THE COOL SHADOWS, HEEDLESS OF THINGS LIKE WAR AND TYRANNY... OR THE TRICKLING LIFE BLOOD OF A GAMBLER NAMED FRANK WILEY!



IT WAS TEN MINUTES OF AGONY... TEN MINUTES WITH THE FIERY BITE OF A BLOWTORCH AGAINST HIS BODY... AND HIS BRAIN WHIRLING IN DELIRIUM! "THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE," A VOICE SEEMED TO INTONE, "REGRETS TO INFORM YOU... REGRETS... REGRETS..."



A SWIFT FORM DARTED BY THE IDOLS--AND THEN FRANK WILEY KNEW THAT THE LAST MOMENTS WOULDN'T BE WITH PAIN AND FEAR-- BUT WITH **HER!**

FRANK--WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU? YOU'RE DYING!

I... I KNOW, WILLOW... BUT THOSE TWENTY CHINESE WONG GOT IN TOUCH WITH... WILL **LIVE! 20 TO 1, BABY--** EVEN THE REDS OUGHTA KNOW THAT'S A SUCKER'S ODDS!

NO, FRANK-- YOU'VE GOT TO HANG ON! DON'T DIE -- DON'T!

HONEY, I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME-- **LISTEN!** MY RECORDS SHOW HOW MUCH THOSE REFUGEES DROPPED IN MY GAMBLING JOINT-- **PAY 'EM BACK... ENOUGH TO MAKE THE HONG KONG PLANE!** THE REST IS FOR **YOU...** AND TAKE MY ADVICE FALL IN LOVE WITH A DECENT GUY THE NEXT TIME!



AT THAT MOMENT--

IF LOW-BORN DRIVER OF TAXI MA-42-X TOLD TRUTH-- HE IS **HERE!** EITHER DEAD-- OR WAITING FOR THE MERCY OF DEATH!



FRANK-- THEY'RE COMING!

THOSE YELLOW RATS AREN'T GOING TO WATCH **ME** DIE! REMEMBER WHAT I SAID, BABY-- THAT WHEN YOU WANTED TO GET RID OF ME... YOU'D HAVE TO PLUG **ME YOURSELF?**



FRANK-- OH, FRANK! I CAN'T-- **IT-- THEIR WAY? I CAN'T--** MAKE IT FAST, SWEETHEART-- DON'T LET THEM GET **YOU!** AND KINDEST REGARDS --TO HONG KONG!



The ANCIENT GODS LOOKED DOWN... THEY HAD HEARD DIVINE THUNDERS AND THE ROAR OF DEMONS... WHAT DID THE SHARP CRACK OF A SMALL AUTOMATIC MEAN TO **THEM?**



Frank Wiley was dead... but the girl he loved would live-- the Twenty against Terror would live-- and the spirit of **FREE-DOM** for which brave men gave their lives... yes, **THAT WILL LIVE!** THAT much Frank Wiley knew wasn't a gamble-- it was a sure thing-- and he played it to ...**THE END!**

THE MAP CASE

AFTER MONTHS OF brilliant work and close scrapes, espionage agent Kim Ching had maneuvered himself into a job as a staff chauffeur assigned to the 14th Chinese Army in Korea. Since he was constantly driving high ranking officers about, he heard much that was valuable. As a highly skilled spy he had learned caution and patience, and never to risk exposing himself. But now he was faced with something completely unexpected.

There were three officers in the back of his sedan: a general and two full colonels. Beside him, in the front seat, sat a grim-faced Mongolian guard, sleepily cradling a tommy gun in his lap. Kim kept his eyes riveted on the dark road ahead, but his ears were tinglingly alert. He had heard the word "attack".

"A whole army corps," he heard. "With three divisions in reserve."

Then there were laughs and something too low to be heard. When he picked up the conversation again the officers were gloating. "The stupid Americans. The peace negotiations have given us the time we need to prepare. This is one attack which will catch them by surprise."

Now it was the colonel with the rat-like face who spoke. "It can carry us all the way to Seoul, general. Who knows, this can destroy the Yankee morale."

Kim's mind buzzed with ideas. What was it all about? *Where* was the attack to be? *When*? He strained his ears to catch more, but the officers were no longer speaking.

He was desperate. This was important, incalculably important. Blazes! He needed *details*, all of them! It could conceivably be the turning point of the war!

"Thirty more hours!" he heard. "And then the information in this map case goes into action. Duplicate copies are already in the hands of the field commanders. Everything is in readiness."

Kim glanced into the rear view mirror. The officers were smoking contentedly.

Beside the general was a polished leather map case, the key to the whole business. He needed that desperately, but how could he possibly *get* it?

His swift mind now considered and rejected a dozen plans, all of them too risky and too unlikely to succeed. Still, he had to do *something*!

Then it occurred to him, the idea! He knew the road ahead perfectly. Soon they were coming to a sharp curve. A false skid could plunge them hundreds of feet into the river below. When they came to the curve Kim stalled the car.

"What's wrong?" snapped the general. The grim-faced guard was now awake, peering stupidly at the dashboard.

"I don't know, sir," said Kim, opening the door. "I'd better have a look at the motor."

The guard followed him, precisely as he anticipated, still holding the tommy gun. Kim lifted the hood of the car and looked at the motor.

"Hold the hood," he snapped to the guard. "I'll get the tools from the trunk."

When he returned, holding a heavy wrench, the guard had placed his tommy gun on the fender of the car. With a single motion Kim brought the wrench down on the Mongolian's head and snatched up the gun. The loud thud and grunt brought the officers instantly to attention.

"What...?"

They were reaching for their pistols when Kim riddled them with a single burst. Swiftly he grabbed the map case and opened the throttle wide. The car rolled towards the edge of the cliff and fell into the blackness. Several seconds later there was a loud splash from below.

Now Kim flung the guard's inert body after them, took the papers out of the map case and stuffed them inside his shirt. Then he began to run. With luck he'd have the information in American hands before dawn!

Rumor-Mongering SPIES

ONE OF THE MOST POTENT WEAPONS SPIES HAVE USED THROUGH THE AGES IS THE TECHNIQUE OF SPREADING DEMORALIZING RUMORS IN AN ENEMY CAMP!

AS FAR BACK AS 732 A.D., THE TECHNIQUE WAS USED TO DEFEAT THE HORDES OF MOORS WHO HAD SWEEPED UP FROM NORTH AFRICA AND HAD CONQUERED SPAIN AND PART OF FRANCE!



WHEN THE ARABS, UNDER THE COMMAND OF ABD-AR-RAHMAN, REACHED THE FRENCH CITY OF TOURS, KING CHARLES OF FRANCE DECIDED ON A BOLD STRATEGY TO SAVE HIS COUNTRY!

WE ARE GREATLY OUTNUMBERED--AND THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO DEFEAT THE MOORS! BRING ME A DOZEN BRAVE MEN WHO ARE WILLING TO DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS MOORS AND ENTER THE ENEMY CAMP!



EAGER TO SAVE THEIR PLUNDER-FILLED TENTS, THE ADVANCE GUARD TURNED AND GALLOPED BACK TO THEIR CAMP! AT THAT MOMENT, FRENCH SPIES WITH THE MAIN BODY OF THE ARMY BEGAN A CHORUS OF SHOUTING!

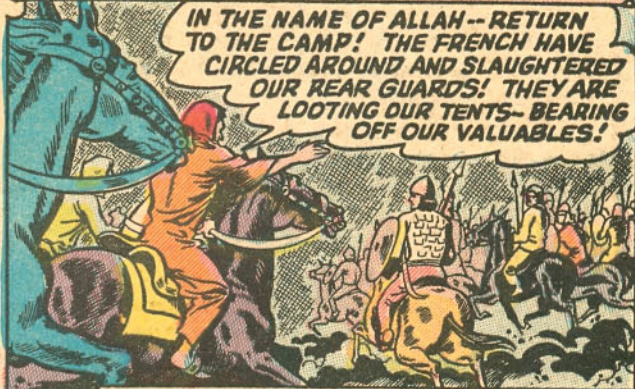
OUR BRETHREN FLEE--THE RETREAT MUST HAVE BEEN SOUNDED!

RETREAT! RETREAT!

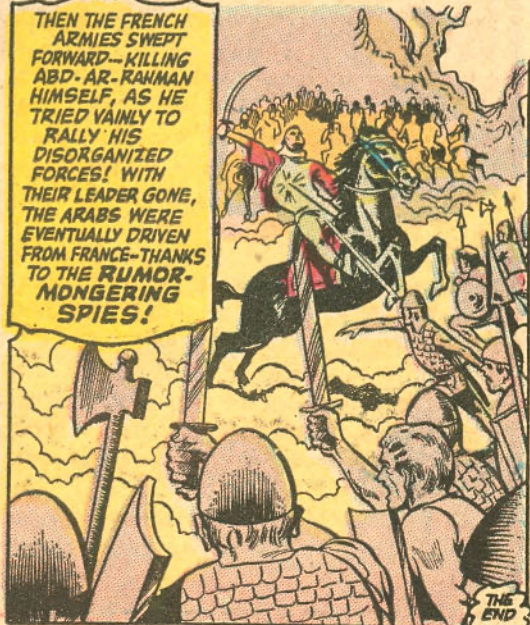


ON A SATURDAY IN OCTOBER, THE MOSLEMS EMERGED FROM THEIR TENTS SOUTH OF TOURS TO MARCH ON THE CITY! BUT WHEN THE ADVANCE FORCE HAD GONE A SHORT DISTANCE, THE DISGUISED FRENCH SPIES GALLOPED AFTER THEM, SHOUTING--

IN THE NAME OF ALLAH--RETURN TO THE CAMP! THE FRENCH HAVE CIRCLED AROUND AND SLAUGHTERED OUR REAR GUARDS! THEY ARE LOOTING OUR TENTS--BEARING OFF OUR VALUABLES!



THEN THE FRENCH ARMIES SWEEPED FORWARD--KILLING ABD-AR-RAHMAN HIMSELF, AS HE TRIED VAINLY TO RALLY HIS DISORGANIZED FORCES! WITH THEIR LEADER GONE, THE ARABS WERE EVENTUALLY DRIVEN FROM FRANCE--THANKS TO THE RUMOR-MONGERING SPIES!



THE END



Out of the Unknown ...TO YOU!

That's **ADVENTURES INTO THE** ★★
★★ **UNKNOWN!**

AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT MAGAZINE OF
THE SUPERNATURAL! READ IT FOR
CHILLS AND THRILLS... FOR TENSE,
SPINE-TINGLING ENTERTAINMENT
SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED!
FOR GASPS GALORE,

don't miss

**ADVENTURES INTO THE
UNKNOWN!**

AT YOUR
Favorite
NEWSSTAND

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED
BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF
MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st St., New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

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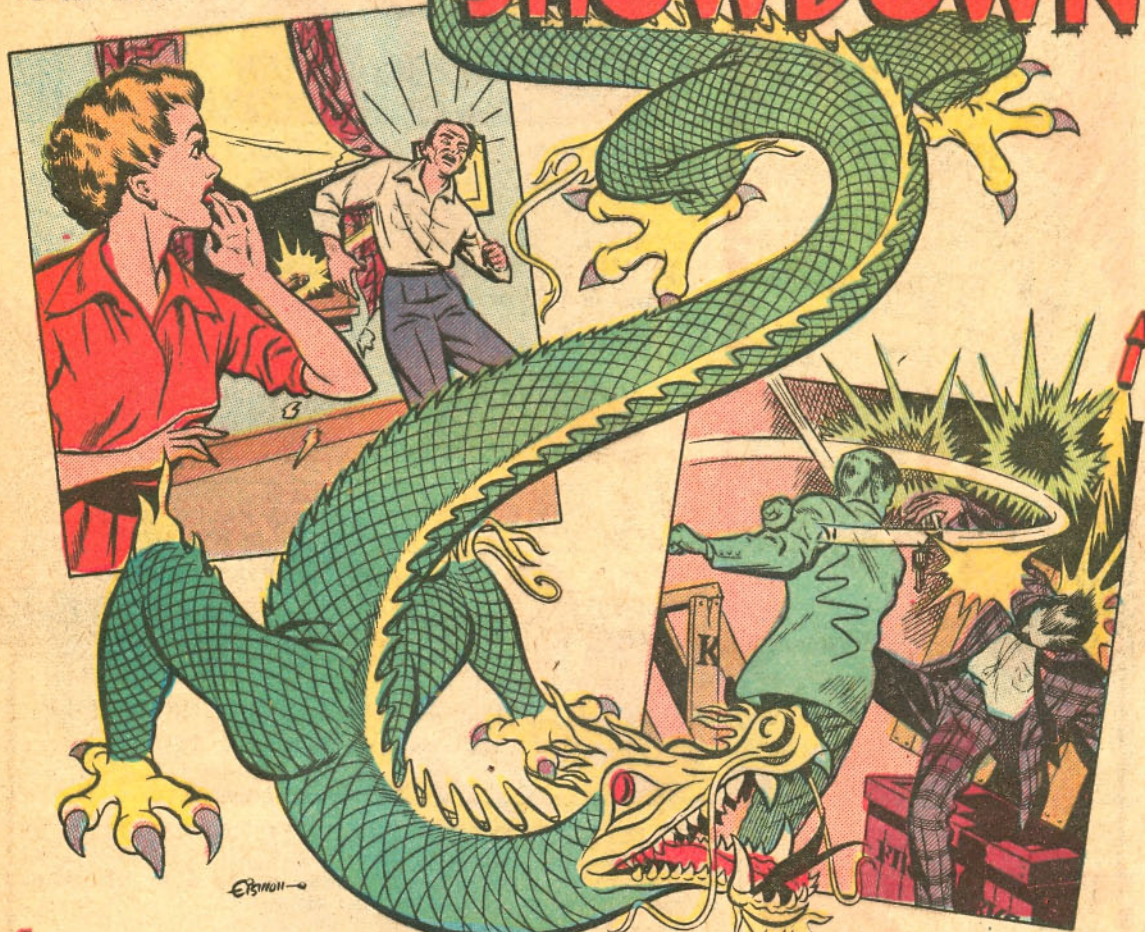
(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1952.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

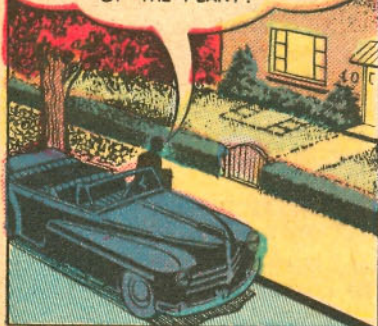
IT WAS JUST A SHIPMENT OF ORDINARY THREE-INCH STEEL PIPE-- BUT EACH PIECE WAS DRILLED WITH THREE MYSTERIOUS HOLES! ONE MAN WHO GUESSED THE SECRET DIED VIOLENTLY-- AND THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN KOREA HUNG IN THE BALANCE UNTIL FEDERAL AGENT JIM DUDLEY FORCED A...

CHINATOWN SHOWDOWN



AT THE BEGINNING, JIM DUDLEY CONSIDERED IT A ROUTINE CASE--

SEEMS STRANGE THAT THE KELLER FOUNDRY CO. SHOULD UNDERBID EVERY OTHER COMPANY FOR THAT SHIPMENT OF PIPE TO KOREA BY SUCH A **WIDE MARGIN!** PROBABLY NOTHING HERE BUT PATRIOTIC MOTIVES, BUT IT'S STILL A GOOD IDEA TO QUESTION DAVIDSON--THE FOREMAN OF THE PLANT!



INSIDE THE DAVIDSON HOME...

YOU SEE, DAVIDSON--WHEN A MANUFACTURER IS WILLING TO **LOSE MONEY** ON A DEAL WITH THE GOVERNMENT, THAT'S **SUSPICIOUS!**

JUST WHAT I THOUGHT, MR. DUDLEY!



ESPECIALLY WHEN MR. KELLER ORDERED **THREE SMALL HOLES BORED IN EACH PIECE OF PIPE!**

THAT'S NEWS TO THE GOVERNMENT, WHAT KIND OF HOLES?



SUDDENLY---



BLAZES--THE GET-AWAY CAR'S
ROUNDING THE CORNER!

GLORIA--I'M DONE FOR!
HELP DUDLEY GET TO
THE BOTTOM OF THIS---



I'M-- TERRIBLY
SORRY, GLORIA--
BUT I'VE GOT
TO WORK
FAST! CAN
YOU LEND
ME YOUR
FATHER'S
BUSINESS KEYS?

Y-YES--ANYTHING
YOU SAY--



SOON AFTERWARD --
IN THE OFFICE OF
THE KELLER FOUNDRY--

HMM -- NOTHING SUSPICIOUS HERE--
EXCEPT THIS FOLDER, THE ONLY
EMPTY ONE IN THE CABINET!--AND
IT'S MARKED P-O-W--WHICH GENERALLY
MEANS PRISONERS OF WAR!

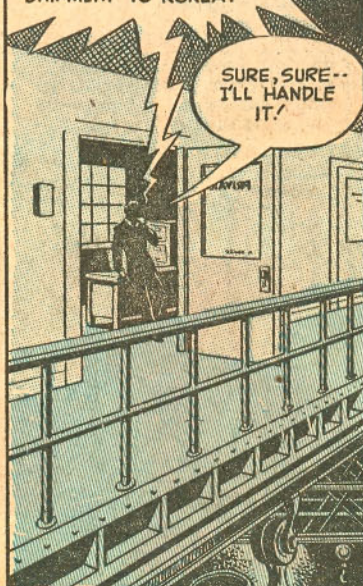


AS AN EXCITED ASIATIC VOICE
SOUNDS IN THE RECIEVER --



WE HAVE LEARNED THAT AN
INVESTIGATION IS UNDER WAY!
BE SURE TO DESTROY
RECORDS OF PIPE
SHIPMENT TO KOREA!

SURE, SURE--
I'LL HANDLE
IT!



STRANGE --I'VE TRACED THE CALL
TO AN ORGANIZATION CALLED
DEMOCRACY FOR CHINESE
PRISONERS IN KOREA!
IT'S REGISTERED WITH THE
GOVERNMENT AS A GROUP OF
CHINESE-AMERICANS--SENDING
ANTI-COMMUNIST LITERATURE
TO THE REDS IN OUR KOREAN
PRISONER OF WAR CAMPS!



SOON AFTERWARD...IN THE CHINESE SECTION---



WELL--
HERE GOES!

A STUNNING SURPRISE!

I CAN'T SAY YOU GAVE
A VERY GOOD IMITATION
OF MY VOICE OVER
THE PHONE, DUDLEY!

THEN YOU'RE--
KELLER!



WE KNEW YOU WOULD SEARCH
OFFICE AFTER KELLER KILLED
DAVIDSON--AND THAT PHONE CALL
WOULD LURE YOU HERE! MY NAME
IS **CHUNG**--PRESIDENT OF
ORGANIZATION!

PLEASED
TO MEET
YOU, RAT!



OUR MEMBERSHIP CONSISTS MAINLY OF HONEST
CHINESE BUSINESSMEN--WHO FOOLISHLY HOPE TO
SPREAD DEMOCRACY AMONG THE COMMUNIST
PRISONERS ON KOJE ISLAND! FOR COMMUNISTS
LIKE KELLER AND MYSELF, IT IS A CONVENIENT
BLIND--WE ARE ABLE TO CHANNEL INFORMATION
AND CERTAIN MATERIALS TO THE PRISONERS
WITHOUT CAUSING SUSPICION! OUR PLANS WILL
SHORTLY RESULT IN THE CLEVEREST MASTER-
STROKE OF THE KOREAN WAR--AND REGRETTABLY
--**YOU ARE AN OBSTACLE!**



IT'S BEGINNING TO ADD UP! FOR MONTHS, RED
PRISONERS HAVE MADE FANATICAL ATTACKS
AGAINST THE U.N. GUARDS ON KOJE--WITHOUT
GAINING A THING! BUT WHEN COMMUNISTS ACT
IN UNISON, THEY HAVE A DEFINITE OBJECT IN
MIND! RIGHT NOW, I'D SAY IT HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH A SHIPMENT OF
THREE-INCH PIPE!

YOU'RE CLEVER,
DUDLEY--VERY
CLEVER!
THEREFORE---



I AGREED TO LEAVE THE
METHOD TO YOU, CHUNG--
BUT SUPPOSE HIS BODY
IS FOUND?

BY THEN IT WILL
BE UNRECOGNIZABLE!
GAG HIM--TIE HIS
WRISTS AND ANKLES!



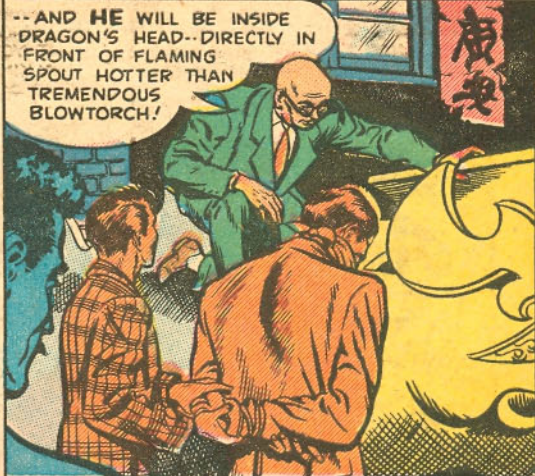
MOMENTS LATER-- IN A SHADOWED ALLEY--

WHAT IN THE
WORLD IS
THAT?

IS FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON--
SOON TO BE TOWED THROUGH
STREETS FOR MIDNIGHT
DRAGON FESTIVAL! FIRE WILL
COME FROM STEEL CHAMBER
GENERATING CARBIDE GAS--



--AND HE WILL BE INSIDE
DRAGON'S HEAD--DIRECTLY IN
FRONT OF FLAMING
SPOUT HOTTER THAN
TREMENDOUS
BLOWTORCH!



WITH THE STREETS THROGGING WITH
EXCITED SPECTATORS--



I'LL BE BURNED TO A CINDER ONCE
THAT CARBIDE JET IS IGNITED! I'M
ABLE TO REACH ONE POCKET, BUT
THERE'S NOTHING IN IT THAT'LL
HELP ME--JUST A BUNCH
OF KEYS!



KELLER--IS TIME! JUMP OUT
AND LIGHT THE FUSE LEADING
TO THE GAS CHAMBER!

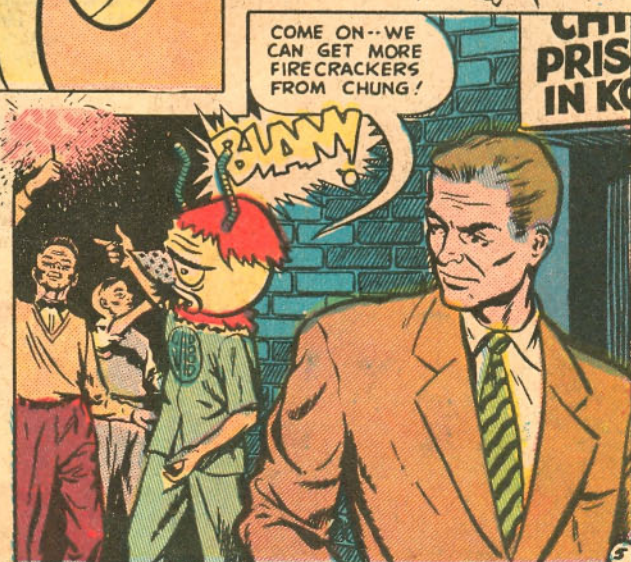


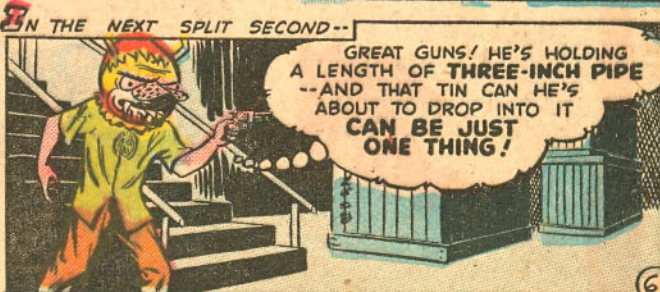
GREAT GUNS--THERE'S GLORIA
DAVIDSON! I DON'T KNOW WHAT
BROUGHT HER TO CHINATOWN--
BUT SHE'S THE ONE THING
STANDING BETWEEN
ME AND CREMATION!



THEN--









WITH CRATE AFTER CRATE TOUCHED OFF BY THE BLAST--



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THIS MODEL GADGET IS MADE FROM ONE OF THE PIPE LENGTHS CHUNG AND KELLER SHIPPED TO KOREA --AN IMPROVISED BAZOOKA FIRING A HOMEMADE SHELL!



NEXT DAY--AT THE PENTAGON---

GLAD YOU GOT THE FULL DETAILS FROM OUR MILITARY AUTHORITIES ON KOJE ISLAND, GENERAL! WHERE'D THEY FIND THAT SHIPMENT OF PIPE--DRILLED FOR EASY CONVERSION INTO BAZOOKAS?



IN COMPOUND 22, JIM-- THE ONE QUIET SECTION OF THE PRISON CAMP! BUT WHILE THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRISONERS WERE TYING UP THE GUARDS--THE "RELIABLE" COMMUNISTS IN COMPOUND 22 WERE BUSY AS BEAVERS-- MAKING BAZOOKAS!

THERE WAS A WATER MAIN PROJECT PLANNED FOR KOJE-- BUT ONCE KELLER'S PIPES ARRIVED, THE REDS RIOTED AND HALTED CONSTRUCTION! A SIMPLE TYPE OF BAZOOKA CAN BE MADE FROM A LENGTH OF PIPE VERY EASILY--ONCE HOLES HAVE BEEN DRILLED FOR THE FIRING PIN AND TRIGGER MECHANISM! AND, OF COURSE, THERE'S NOTHING TO IMPROVISING AN EXPLOSIVE SHELL BY PACKING AN ORDINARY TIN CAN!



IN OTHER WORDS, JIM--OVER TEN THOUSAND REDS WERE READY FOR A MASS PRISON BREAK--ARMED WITH A WEAPON THAT COULD BLAST WALLS, CRIPPLE TANKS, AND INFLICT HEAVY LOSSES ON OUR TROOPS! ONLY ONE THING PREVENTED IT--YOU FOLLOWED UP YOUR HUNCH ABOUT KELLER!



KELLER'S PLOT COST MY FATHER HIS LIFE, JIM--BUT THERE'S ONE THING TO BE THANKFUL FOR-- IT FAILED!

YES, GLORIA-- AND YOUR FATHER'S SACRIFICE PROVES HOW VIGILANT WE ALL MUST BE--IN CARRYING ON THE FIGHT AGAINST COMMUNISM!



BOYS! GIRLS! MOTHERS! DADS!

Free! 221 STAMPS

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FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE!

ALL DIFFERENT!

Start NOW to Enjoy the HOBBY of Presidents and Kings With These Hundreds of Exciting Stamps

YOURS FREE—these 221 fascinating stamps from all over the earth. Each stamp is different! Total price—in Standard Catalog—guaranteed to be **AT LEAST FIVE DOLLARS!** And they have *not* been “picked over”—so there’s no telling what valuable stamps you may find. **ALL ARE YOURS FREE** if you send for the Complete Stamp Collector’s Outfit described below. This amazing offer is bound to go “like hotcakes.” So don’t be left out. Mail coupon **AT ONCE!**

GUARANTEED WORTH OVER \$5.00 AT STANDARD CATALOG PRICES!



CHINA AIR-MAIL—Face value \$10.00 in actual Nationalist Chinese currency!



STALIN—This forbidden stamp “smuggled” out from behind curtain at great risk.



AFRIQUE EQUATORIALE FRANCE—Shows native of Africa in frenzied war dance.



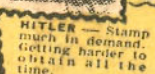
MADAGASCAR—Vital island in World War II. On coast of Africa.



UNITED NATIONS—Can be used in only one post-office in the world—UN building in New York.



DJIBOUTI—Stamp shows world-famous Mohamed Ali shrine.



HITLER—Stamp much in demand. Getting harder to obtain all the time.



RUSSIA—This unique stamp was worth a quarter of a MILLION RUBLES!



COSTA RICA—Famous bull stamp of Central American republic.



TOGOLAND—Interesting scene of tribal native women pounding grain.

HERE'S EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO START ENJOYING THIS MOST FASCINATING OF ALL HOBBIES

ALSO FREE! WHILE SUPPLY LASTS! Rare Set of 5 Anti-Communist Stamps



WITH Your 221 FREE STAMPS Will Come This Complete Stamp Collector's Outfit:

- 1 Famous “Adventurer Stamp Album”—place for 4,000 stamps; illus.
- 2 “How to Collect Postage Stamps” Helpful book tells how to be an expert; many fascinating stories about stamps.
- 3 Magnifying Glass Use it to detect mistakes that make stamps valuable and other important details on face of stamps.
- 4 Special Watermark Detector how to use
- 5 250 Gummed Hinges, 10 attach stamps to album pages

STAMP COLLECTING opens up new worlds of fun, profit, and adventure to you. Many successful people are stamp enthusiasts—presidents, kings, executives, movie stars, explorers, athletes, etc.

Now it's **EASY** for YOU to get started. Right **WITH** the 221 Free Stamps described above we will send you a Complete Stamp Collector's Outfit. If you decide to **keep** it, the price is **ONLY ONE DOLLAR**. But if you **DON'T** think it's the biggest bargain you ever saw, simply send it back—and we'll refund your dollar **AND YOUR POSTAGE, TOO!** Could any offer be fairer?

The Outfit contains the five items listed and shown at left . . . **EVERYTHING YOU NEED** to get started on this exciting hobby. You'll have fun and excitement starting a collection that can grow in value for the rest of your life!

EXAMINE KIT FOR 7 DAYS WITHOUT RISK!

Mail coupon and \$1 now. The complete Outfit—together with the 221 Free Stamps and other interesting offers—will be sent to you for a week's examination. Unless you're delighted with your bargain, return it—and we'll promptly refund your dollar and your postage, too!

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Valuable set issued by German-occupied France to get French volunteers to fight Soviet Russia. This set—now obsolete—is yours **FREE** while supply lasts even if you do **NOT** keep the Collector's Kit!

LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. AAG-3 Littleton, New Hampshire

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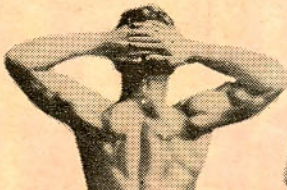
I enclose \$1 as a deposit. After 7 days' examination, I may return everything (except the **ANTI-COMMUNIST STAMPS** which I may keep **FREE**) and you will return my dollar—**AND** my postage. Or I will keep the kit and the 221 **FREE STAMPS**, and you may keep my dollar as payment in full.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



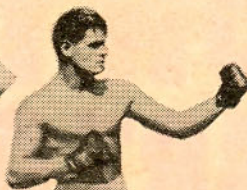
"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."

—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."

—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."

—T. K. New York

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Let me prove I can do it for you!

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Real He-Man

You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 Lbs.

"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

—J. N. H., British West Indies

Makes Track Team—
Called "Perfect Build"

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

—E. M., Conn.

Health 100% Better

Through Dynamic Tension "The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

—W. E., Ohio

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Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

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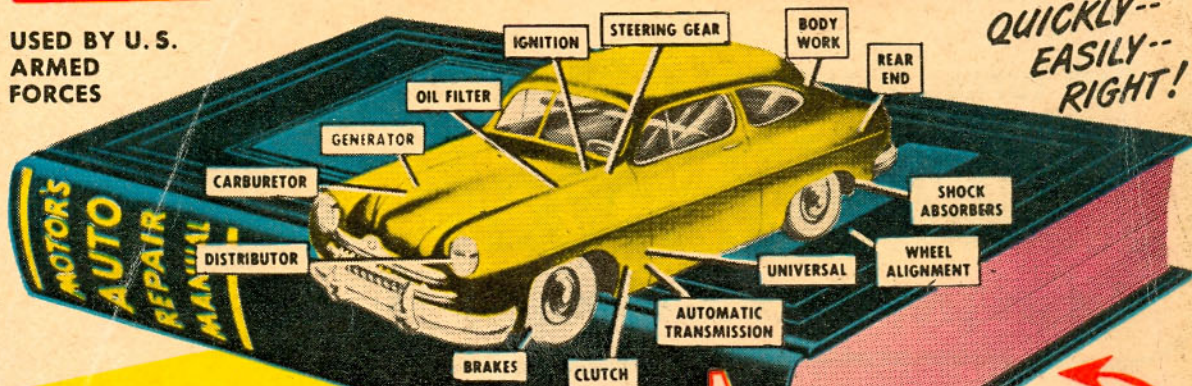
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